

To. Which way is hee in the name of sanctity. If all the diuels of hell be drawne in little, and Legion himselfe possesse him, yet Ile speake to him.

Fab. Heere he is, heere he is: how ist with you sir?

How ist with you man?

Mal. Go off, I discarde you: let me enioy my priuate: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speakes within him; did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my Lady prayes you to haue a care of him.

Mal. Ah ha, does she so?

To. Go too, go too: peace, peace, wee must deale gently with him: Let me alone. How do you Maluolio? How ist with you? What man, desie the diuell: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, and you speake ill of the diuell, how he takes it at heart. Pray God he be not bewitch'd.

Fab. Carry his water to th' wife woman.

Mar. Marry and it shall be done to morrow morning if I liue. My Lady would not loose him for more then ile say.

Mal. How now mistris?

Mar. Oh Lord.

To. Prethee hold thy peace, this is not the way: Doe you not see you mo't him? Let me alone with him.

Fa. No way but gentleness, gently, gently: the Fiend is rough, and will not be roughly vs'd.

To. Why how now my bawcock? how dost y' chuck?

Mal. Sir.

To. I biddy, come with me. What man, tis not for grauity to play at chertie-pit with sathan. Hang him foul Colliar.

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good sir Toby gette him to pray.

Mal. My prayers Minx.

Mar. No I warrant you, he will not heare of godlynesse.

Mal. Go hang your selues all: you are ydle shallowe things, I am not of your element, you shall knowe more heereafter.

To. Is possible?

Fa. If this were plaid vpon a stage now, I could condemne it as an improbable fiction.

To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the deuice man.

Mar. Nay pursue him now, least the deuice take ayre, and taint.

Fa. Why we shall make him mad indeede.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

To. Come, wee'l haue him in a darke room & bound. My Neece is already in the beleefe that he's mad: we may carry it thus for our pleasure, and his pennance, til our very pastime tyred out of breath, prompt vs to haue mercy on him: at which time, we wil bring the deuice to the bar and crowne thee for a finder of madmen: but see, but see.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fa. More matter for a May morning.

An. Heere's the Challenge, read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so lawey?

And. I, ist? I warrant him: do but read.

To. Give me.

Youth, what soeuer thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.

Fa. Good, and valiant.

To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy minde why I doe call

thee so, for I will shew thee no reason for't.

Fa. A good note, that keepes you from the blow of the sword.

To. Thou com'st to the Lady Oliuia, and in my sight thou art the kindly: but thou hest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fa. Very breefe, and to exceeding good fence-lesse.

To. I will way-lay thee going home, where if it be thy chance to kill me.

Fa. Good.

To. Thou kist me like a rogue and a villaine.

Fa. Still you keepe o'th windie side of the Law: good.

Tob. Fartheewell, and God haue mercie vpon one of our soules. He may haue mercie vpon mine, but my hope is better, and so looke to thy selfe. Thy friend as thou vset him, & thy sworn enemy, Andrew Ague-cheeke.

To. If this Letter moue him not, his legges cannot: Ile giu't him.

Mar. You may haue verie fit occasion for't: he is now in some commerce with my Ladie, and will by and by depart.

To. Go sir Andrew: scout mee for him at the corner of the Orchard like a bum-Baylie: so soone as euer thou see'st him, draw, and as thou draw'st, sweare horrible: for it comes to passe oft, that a terrible oath, with a swagging accent sharply twang'd off, giues manhood more approbation, then euer prooue it selfe would haue euid him. Away.

And. Nay let me alone for swearing.

To. Now will not I deliuer his Letter: for the behauiour of the yong Gentleman, giues him out to be of good capacity, and breeding: his employment betwene his Lord and my Neece, confirms no lesse. Therefore, this Letter being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will finde it comes from a Clodde-pole.

But sir, I will deliuer his Challenge by word of mouth: set vpon Ague-cheeke a notable report of valor, and driue the Gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly receiue it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, furie, and impetuositie. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the looke, like Cockatrices.

Enter Oliuia and Viola.

Fab. Heere he comes with your Neece, giue them way till he take leaue, and presently after him.

To. I wil meditate the while vpon some horrid message for a Challenge.

Ol. I haue said too much vnto a hart of stone, And laid mine honour too vnchary on't: There's something in me that reproues my fault; But such a head-strong potent fault it is, That it but mockes reproofe.

Viola. With the same hauiour that your passion beates, Goes on my Masters greeces.

Ol. Heere, weare this lewell for me, tis my picture: Refuse it not, it hath no tongue, to vex you: And I beseech you come againe to morrow.

What shall you aske of me that Ile deny, That honour (sa'd) may vpon asking giue.

Viola. Nothing but this, your true loue for my master.

Ol. How with mine honor may I giue him that, Which I haue giuen to you.

Viola. I will acquit you.

Ol. Well, come againe to morrow: far-thee-well, A Fiend like thee might beare my soule to hell.

Enter Toby and Fabian.

To. Gentleman, God saue thee.

Viola. And you sir.

To. That defence thou hast, betake the too't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I knowe not: but thy intercepter full of despight, bloody as the Hunter, attends thee at the Orchard end: dismount thy tucke, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assaylant is quick, skilfull, and deadly.

Viola. You mistake sir I am sure, no man hath any quarrell to me: my remembrance is very free and cleere from any image of offence done to any man.

To. You'l finde it otherwise I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your gard: for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withall.

Viola. I pray you sir what is he?

To. He is knight dubb'd with vnatch'd Rapier, and on carpet consideration, but he is a diuell in priuate brall, soules and bodies hath he diuor'd three, and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none, but by pangs of death and sepulcher: Hob, nob, is his word: giu't or take't.

Viola. I will returne againe into the house, and desire some conduct of the Lady. I am no fighter, I haue heard of some kinde of men, that put quarrells purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that quirk.

To. Sir, no: his indignation deriues it selfe out of a very competent iniurie, therefore get you on, and giue him his desire. Backe you shall not to the house, vnlesse you vnderstand that with me, which with as much safetie you might answer him: therefore on, or strippe your sword stark naked: for meddle you must that's certain, or forswear to weare iron about you.

Viola. This is as vnciuill as strange. I beseech you doe me this courteous office, as to know of the Knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

To. I will do so. Signiour Fabian, stay you by this Gentleman, till my returne.

Exit Toby.

Viola. Pray you sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incens'd against you, even to a mortall arbitrement, but nothing of the circumstance more.

Viola. I beseech you what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderfull promise to read him by his forme, as you are like to finde him in the prooue of his valour. He is indeede sir, the most skilfull, bloody, & fatal opposite that you could possibly haue found in anie part of Illyria: will you walke towards him, I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Viola. I shall bee much bound to you for't: I am one, that had rather go with sir Priest, then sir knight: I care not who knowes so much of my mettle.

Enter Toby and Andrew.

To. Why man hee's a verie diuell, I haue not seen such a sirago: I had a passe with him, rapier, scabberd, and all: and he giues me the sticke in with such a mortall motion that it is ineuitable: and on the answer, he payes you as surely, as your feete hits the ground they step on. They say, he has bin Fencer to the Sophy.

And. Pox on't, Ile not meddle with him.

To. I but he will not now be pacified; Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

An. Plague on't, and I thought he had beene valiant, and so cunning in Fence, I'de haue seene him dama'd ere I'de haue challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and

Ile giue him my horse, gray Cap.

To. Ile make the motion: stay shew on't, this shall end without marry Ile ride your horse as well

Enter Fabian and Viola.

I haue his horse to take vp the quarrell him the youths a diuell.

Fa. He is as horribly conceiv'd lookes pale, as if a Beare were at him.

To. There's no remedie sir, hee oath sake: marrie hee hath better quarrell, and hee findes that now king of: therefore draw for the life, hee protests he will not hurt you.

Viola. Pray God defend me: a me tell them how much I lacke of you. Come on, too't.

And. Pray God he keepe his

Enter Antonio.

Viola. I do assure you tis against

Ant. Put vp your sword: if I haue done offence, I take the fault: If you offend him, I for him defende

To. You sir? Why, what are you?

Ant. One sir, that for his loue Then you haue heard him brag to To. Nay, if you be an vnder

Enter Offic

Fab. O good sir Toby hold: he To. Ile be with you anon.

Viola. Pray sir, put your sword And. Marry will I sir: and fo be as good as my word, Hee wi raines well.

1 Off. This is the man, do thy 2 Off. Antonio, I arrest thee a An. You do mistake me fir. 1 Off. No sir, no ior: I know Though now you haue no sea-ca Take him away, he knowes I kn Ant. I must obey. This com But there's no remedie, I shall an What will you do: now my nec Makes me to aske you for my pu Much more, for what I cannot Then what befalls my selfe: you But be of comfort. 2 Off. Come fir away. Ant. I must entreat of you fo Viola. What money fir? For the fayre kindnesse you haue And part being prompted by yo Out of my leane and low ability Ile lend you something: my haui Ile make diuision of my present Hold, there's halfe my Coffer. Ant. Will you deny me now, Ist possible that my deserts to yo Can lacke perswasion. Do not t Least that it make me so vnounc As to vpbraide you with thofe kin Z